Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet ſound, and read out this.

Cap. Sound Trumpet.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoaſt of the Army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, ſuppoſed Earle of Gloceſter, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appeare at the thirde ſound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Baſt. Sound. Againe.

Enter Edgar at the third ſound, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Vpon this call o'th trumpet?

Her. What are you? your name and quality?
And why you anſwer this preſent ſummons?

Edg. O know my name is loſt by Treaſons tooth:
Bare-gnawne and canker-bit,
Where is the aduerſary I come to cope with all?

Alb. What is that aduerſary?

Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter?

Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſayſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart, thy arme
May do thee iuſtice, heere is mine:
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, youth, place and eminence,
Deſpight thy victor, ſword, and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
Falſe to the gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conſpicuate gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor: ſay thou no,
This ſword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits,
Is bent to proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy outſide lookes ſo faire and warlike,
And that thy being ſome ſay of breeding breathes,
By right of knight-hood I diſdaine and ſpurne,

With the hell hatedly ore-turn'd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarſely bruiſe,
This ſword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for euer, Trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him.

Gon. This is meere practiſe Gloſter, by the law of Armes
Thou art not bound to offer an vnknowne oppoſite,
Thou art not vanquiſht, but couſned and beguild.

Alb. Stop your mouth Dame, or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: thou worſe then any thing, reade thine owne euill. Nay, no tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who ſhal araign me for it.

Alb. Monſter, knowſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit Gonoril.*

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with, that haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou that haſt this fortune on me? If thou beeſt noble, I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou haſt wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers ſonne,
The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vertues
Make inſtruments to ſcourge vs: the darke and vitious place
Where he thee got, coſt him his eyes.

Baſt. Thou haſt ſpoken truth,
The wheele is come full circkled, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A royall nobleneſſe, I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorow ſplit my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know it.

Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father?

Edg. By nurſing them my Lord,
Liſt a breefe tale, and when tis told,